

CAN'T FIND 2,000 MILE RIDER,

BUT PRIVATE EQUI DID GO FROM WEST POINT TO GREENWICH.

And After He Missed a Boat at Garrison the Story of the Mad Ride From Oklahoma Was Circulated in the Hudson Valley—West Pointers Only Smile.

WEST POINT, Sept. 22.—Since the wild gallop of the headless horseman, no such story has floated about this neighborhood as that of the cavalier who reached Newburgh on Sunday night with a tale of a ride from Oklahoma, a distance of some 2,000 miles, in thirty-nine days.

The story got to West Point not only in the New York newspapers, but by word of mouth from several nearby places, at all of which the same horseman had partaken of refreshments and had told his hosts of his wild gallop from West.

Strange to say, the tale arrived here today without its hero.

The cavalier did come cantering into camp this morning, however, with a tale of missing the boat at Garrison the night before and of having had to pass the night outside of the barracks. This cavalier, like the hero of the tale, was travel stained.

He was also rather weary. A hard ride the day before on an errand to an answer for a night spent outside the barracks, with "taps" sounding rather late, had left traces.

When questioned, however, this cavalier, who he had said he had spent the night in Newburgh, after that denial he was eloquently silent.

The Garrison here did not know what to make of the story which first heard it. No information had come from Washington or elsewhere that such a rider was to be expected, but every one was prepared to arrange a cordial if impromptu programme of greeting for him. That was before the cavalier arrived. When the cavalier, who was Private Equi, of the detachment here, did arrive from the mission upon which he was sent on Sunday, a suspicious smile went around the post. It has been going around ever since.

Private Equi's experience and that of the mysterious horseman are alike in that both arrived at the Garrison's ferry to take for the last boat on Monday night, and signalled the post that they might be expected the next morning. Private Equi's mission, upon which he started on Sunday morning, was to deliver a horse at Greenwich, Conn. The distance, according to Equi, is twenty-eight miles, and he covered it in twelve hours.

He started back the next morning and telephoned to Capt. Andrews, the cavalry commander here, that he had just missed the last boat and would be in early this morning. He says, however, that he did not miss the boat in Newburgh. Where he did spend the night is not worth looking up, according to the regulations, his superior says. Capt. Andrews asked him where he had been, and he said that the incident could be considered as closed.

Anyway, the joke isn't on Equi.

NARROW NASSAU STREET UPSET.

Why Can't Asphalt Repairing, Like City Ditch Digging, Be Done at Night?

Nassau street shopkeepers think it is just as necessary that the work of repairing asphalt pavements be done at night instead of in business hours as it is that the ditch diggers should work at night.

Three blocks of narrow but busy Nassau street, from Spruce to Fulton, were blocked all day yesterday by the cars, teams, rollers and melting machines of the asphalt gang. Half a dozen blistering pans, as the storekeepers called them, were going full blast, burning out great holes in the defective pavement, leaving ridges of blazing asphalt in their wake and filling the street for three blocks with black, stifling smoke, ruinous to clothes and exposed wares, to say nothing of lungs.

Storekeepers and office tenants had to choose between keeping doors and windows closed and having their places filled with smudge and smoke. Persons crossing the street were lucky if they didn't get mired in the half-molten asphalt.

FAMILY IN HARD LUCK.

McGinnis Lost His Job, a Child Came and Now Another Is Dead.

The troubles that have come to John McGinnis's family are many. They live in three stuffy rooms on the top floor of the tenement at 638 West 124th street. First, McGinnis lost his job several weeks ago, and what few pennies he was able to save soon went for food. A week ago Mrs. McGinnis gave birth to a baby and yesterday their four-year-old daughter, Agnes, died in the J. Hood Wright Hospital from lockjaw.

Before the child was removed to the hospital McGinnis was about to be served with a dispossess notice, but when the owner heard of the child's death, word was sent to McGinnis that he could remain until after the child is buried. McGinnis said last night that he would do just what kind of work he could to keep a roof over his family.

HAS 27 CHILDREN, SHE SAYS.

Magistrate Discharges a Negress, but Not Because He Believes Her.

Rose Harding, a negress, of 328 West Thirty-seventh street, was arraigned yesterday in the West Side police court, charged with striking Harold Pinkney, an eight-year-old boy of 328 West Thirty-seventh street. After hearing the story of the child's father, Magistrate Deuel called the defendant before him.

"Are you married, Rose?" he asked. "Yes, your Honor," answered the prisoner. "How many children?" asked the Court. "Twenty-seven, your Honor?" answered Rose.

Magistrate Deuel discharged the prisoner. Later he said that the improbability of the defendant's story, and that the twenty-seven children, was responsible for the discharge.

Longshoreman Drowned.

George Twist, a longshoreman employed on the American Line ship, was struck on the head yesterday by a heavy case which was being swung out of the hold of the steamship Kronland, and was knocked senseless into the slip. He did not come to the surface. Peter Deiborger, of 230 South street, Jersey City, one of his mates, dived for him repeatedly, but without success. The body was recovered with grappling irons. Twist leaves a widow and children.

City Cuts Plumber's Bill in Two.

A bill sent to the Comptroller's office a few days ago by Nicholas Neubauer, Jr., for plumbing work done on the borough hall of Queens has been cut down by the office of the Finance Department from \$600 to \$400 on the ground that the charges were excessive and that some of the material charged for had not been furnished. Mr. Neubauer agreed to the reduction. He is said to be a son of Alderman Neubauer (Dem.) of Queens.

Cost \$1,000 to Express Surprise.

Theodore L. Beck of Hoboken will have to pay Mrs. Sarah Moore, a former tenant, \$1,000 for saying: "I am surprised to see you keeping a disorderly house." He saw a bill of her entry Mrs. Moore's home, in Ferry street, expressed his surprise and told her to move. She sued him for slander in the Circuit Court, Jersey City.

N. W. Gilder a Little Rheumatic.

It was learned last night at the home of Richard Watson Gilder, 13 East 85th street, that Mr. Gilder is not seriously ill, as was reported yesterday.

"He has just had a touch of rheumatism," his son said, "but it's nothing serious and he'll return from his summer place at Lee, Mass., on Sunday."

NEW BOOKS.

J. T. Trowbridge's Autobiography.

We confess to have been somewhat startled to come upon "My Own Story," by John Trowbridge (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). J. T. Trowbridge had made his reputation with "Neighbor Jackwood" before the war broke out; he provided our boyhood with war stories, "The Drummer Boy" and "Cudjo's Cave," and later was the mainstay of *Our Young Folks*. He belonged to the palmy days of Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes and Oliver Optic and Mayne Reid, and preceded Miss Alcott. It is surprising to find that he is still writing, and is only 75 years of age.

Does the present generation know anything of him, he wonders? He was read by a lot of young people, and old people also, in his day. "Cudjo's Cave," his best known war story, was confined by no means to the nursery. He had a pretty knack at poetry, too, and there were few school platforms from which "The Vagabonds," "We Are Two Travellers, Roger and I, Roger's My Dog," or "Darius Greer with His Flying Machine" were not declaimed. We fancy both pieces are still known, if their author has been lost sight of.

The story of his life, as Mr. Trowbridge tells it, is rather tantalizing. He was brought up on a farm near Rochester, when one house marked the site of the city; he came to New York, when he could hire a cheap room on Broadway, south of Duane street; he was in Chicago when it had but 25,000 inhabitants, and he lived in Boston before it knew street cars or dreamed of the Irish invasion. Glances of those times which seem so far away he does give, but we cannot help wishing that he had lingered longer over such reminiscences, even if he had been forced to cut short recollections of the Brahmins of Boston culture, whom he knew, to be sure, but who have been described perhaps to satiety.

The early chapters, the farm life, the struggles for an education and to earn his living by his pen are very interesting. The story is told simply and modestly, for Mr. Trowbridge has a very just estimate of his place in literature. The later chapters, telling of the great events which he has in contact, cover ground that has been often trodden. The life offers encouragement to young writers. We trust Mr. Trowbridge will continue for many years more in his pleasant homes at Arlington and Kennebunkport.

Some Short Stories.

Though the title, "The Literary Sense," by E. Nesbit (Macmillan's), does have a bearing on the stories, it is rather unhelpful, however, to the character of the book. It is a collection of about twenty short stories, most of them graceful love stories, told very pleasantly. In them the author pokes fun in a humorous way at conventional literary situations, or points out how the acceptance of the situation interferes with real sentiment. There is no preaching, however; each story makes its own point, and all are bright.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris tells a few stories for children in "Wally Wanderer and His Story-telling Machine" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), and where he uses plain English they had better be left to the children, who are severe critics. They are not very successful as fairy tales. Mr. Harris, however, could not help bringing in a few more Brer Rabbit tales, and those the grown-ups will want to read as much as the little ones.

Half a dozen tales by Margaret Sutton Briggs, which we judge have already appeared separately in magazines, have been gathered into a volume called "The Change of Heart" (Harpers). The author, like a good many recent women writers of fiction, seems to draw inspiration from the life and humors of the Episcopal community; at any rate, the best of these stories deal with a Bishop who seems drawn from life. They are all pleasantly written stories and mildly interesting, as magazine stories run.

It is no praise at all to say that we prefer Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl's prose to his verse. We have come across few things more dreary than the latter, particularly when it professes to be humorous. In "Zut and Other Parables" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), however, Mr. Carryl shows that he can write prose and tell a story. They are not cheerful tales he tells, for his models are the dismal, latter-day Frenchmen who have made a dead set against the old-time Gallic gaiety, but there is no doubt that he knows his Paris or that he knows French. The ingenious manner in which he transcribes French idioms into English is amusing and exact. They can easily be turned back into French slang. We wish Mr. Carryl had not selected a yellow binding for his volume. The yellow paper cover of the French novel is something cheerful. The color sometimes verges on orange and sometimes on white. Mr. Carryl's tint is a greenish yellow suggestion of decadence or of a chagrin flag.

Four short tales told by an Irish keeper make up Mr. Seumas MacManus's "The Red Poocher" (Funk & Wagnalls Company). They are mildly humorous, if not over original, and as the author has been unusually sparing with his dialect they can be read with some comprehension by persons who know only English.

A Painter's Dictionary.

It is nearly thirty years that "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" first appeared. Two revisions were made in intervals, and now a third appears, edited by Dr. George C. Williamson and published by the Macmillan Company. The first volume before us includes names from A to C. There will be five volumes in all. The revision ended in 1890 was practically a new work, owing to the changes made in artistic knowledge by modern investigation. In the new revision the latest information has been applied to all articles, pictures wrongly attributed have been set right, and the new names are given for those that have changed place. Moreover, the many artists who have become eligible to the dictionary by death are included, among the latest being Boecklin, Benjamin Constant, Calderon and Sidney Cooper. The illustrations of famous pictures are numerous, but not wholly worthy of a book of this character.

More Cutcliffe Hype.

In breaking away from Capt. Kettle, whom he had run into the ground, Mr. C. Cutcliffe Hynes returns to his better form of the early Kettle stories. "McTodd" (Macmillan's) is an old friend, and the stories he tells are of the sea. They are all detached episodes, many of them placed in northern latitudes. McTodd, the engineer, was never so interesting as a skipper, and his adventures are not so fresh. Still, after the author's recent lapses in fiction it is a pleasure to find him able to come so near the vigor of his first books.

Books of Travel.

The three books that we use together differ as much in quality as in geographical distance. "Highways and Byways in South Wales," by A. G. Bradley (Macmillan's), is a conventional English book of travel, treating in detail of an interesting corner of Britain and illustrated with pictures and

When you're in a bookstore next, ask to see "The Adventures of Gerard."

Dip into it anywhere. If you aren't instantly interested in the exploits of Conan Doyle's new hero, buy something else.

But you will be.

McClure, Phillips & Co., Publishers, N. Y.

drawings by Frederick L. Griggs that have character. There is description, there is historical information and anecdote, and there is personal adventure. The book is full of Welsh names, as might be expected, and would be easier to read aloud if some hint were given as to how those fearfully spelled names should be pronounced.

"To California and Back," by C. A. Higgins and Charles Keeler (Doubleday, Page & Company), is merely a descriptive guide book, which was noticed some time ago in *Ten* and now appears in a new dress from new publishers. It provides statistical and other desirable information to travelers who rush through California by train.

Little beyond a personal interest attaches to "Cruising Among the Caribbees," by Charles Augustus Stoddard (Charles Scribner's Sons). It is a superficial account of the Lesser Antilles, written several years ago, and amplified by an account of the Martinique disaster and some other later matters. Some day we may have an adequate description of these very interesting lands. Meanwhile, Mr. Stoddard's is no worse than other tourists' stories of what they see in a very short time.

Still That Northland.

Haven't we had about all we can stand of the mysterious Northland, with its snows and its desolation? Two authors of latest, Mr. Jack London and Mr. Ralph Connor, seem to hold the ground pretty well and to leave no room for writers who cannot write at least as well as they. Mr. Roger Pocock certainly is not in that class. His "Following the Frontier" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), so far as it has any interest, deals with the mounted police in the new Northwest. The book seems to be a real autobiography; if it is not, it has no reason for existence. The narrator is by no means interesting, he tells his story in a flippant tone that irritates, breaking every now and then into beginnings of descriptions that arouse hope and are then dropped for trivial things. He tells of ignoble experiences from Alaska south to the Mexican border, and sees the black side of everything he tells about. A depressing and martinet book.

An Overworked Young Person.

Intensely characterizes all the persons in "Judgment," by Alice Brown (Harpers). They all have iron natures and New England consciences, which lead them to do things which plain people may regard as absurd and hysterical. Luckily one lady gets badly burned, which at once softens the disposition of all about her and makes them give up their former ideas. There are pleasing descriptions and good writing in all this, which makes us hope that Alice Brown may give up strenuousness and high hysterical purposes and write of the simple, everyday life and emotions which she seems competent to deal with.

Eather Burr.

A pathetic fragment of historical biography, the bits of the diary of the girl who was Jonathan Edwards's daughter and Aaron Burr's mother, and died at 27, is reprinted in a third edition by Jeremiah James Hankins as "Eather Burr's Journal" (Woodward & Lothrop, Washington). The "Journal" begins with entries made at the age of nine, which are singularly similar in style with the entries made almost immediately before Mrs. Burr's death. The description of the proposal of marriage by President Burr of Princeton is charming. The little book is printed in black letter with ornamental borders.

TEN YEARS FOR SHERWOOD.

Defaulting Bank Cashier Pleads Guilty—Embezzled \$200,000.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 22.—Oliver T. Sherwood, the defaulting cashier of the Southport National Bank, pleaded guilty before Judge James P. Platt in the United States District Court to-day and was sentenced to ten years in State prison at Wethersfield. He was arrested in Panama on July 23 last, where he was practicing medicine. He has a glass eye, and this aided the police in finding him.

There were five counts in the complaint, but he pleaded guilty to only three, embezzlement of the bank's funds, making false entries on the books and making false returns of the condition of the bank to the Controller of the Currency.

Attorney Shipman made a strong plea for clemency for Sherwood. He said that in conversations with many people in Southport over the affair, including the receiver of the bank and business associates, all agreed that the defaulting cashier was not in his right mind. Sherwood, he said, was a psychological puzzle. He had no recollection of what had happened. Judge Platt said that he could not show clemency in the case and perform his duty to the public. Sherwood went to Wethersfield this afternoon under the escort of United States Marshal Strong and Deputies Bowen and Parmelee.

Sherwood's embezzlements from the Southport bank aggregated about \$200,000, but his total defalcations doubled that amount. He was custodian for many people who had business relations with the bank and also had charge of the finances of a church in Southport which have since shown shortages.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.

Baby Played With Matches—Would-Be Rescuer Severely Injured.

Two-year-old Bertha Gurlick of 1293 Amsterdam avenue played with matches yesterday and set her clothing on fire. She was so badly burned that she died later in the J. Hood Wright Hospital.

The child's mother went to the store and left her alone in the kitchen. L. A. Damon, a Columbia College student, who lives on the floor above, heard the child's screams and saw smoke coming up the air shaft. He ran to the Gurlick apartment and carried the child out, while one of the tenants sent in a fire alarm. The baby's clothes were almost burned off. Damon was also badly burned about the hands and arms.

New East Side German Baptist Church.

Plans have been filed with the Building Bureau for a new three and a half story brick church, 38 feet front and 92 feet deep, at the intersection of 15th street and with a dwelling (German) first street for the congregation of the German Evangelical Baptist Church, of which the Rev. John H. Pastorek is minister. It is to cost \$15,000.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

There are at least two cops in the Broadway squad who love poetry and say so. It is only natural, of course, that Jim Keith, the big Scotchman stationed at Eighth street, should quote Burns. But Frank D. Converse of the Tenderloin station is equally poetic. He can "quote poetry to beat hell," so he says.

"I've a library of poets at home as big as two closets," he told a *Sun* reporter. "I know Whitman and Byron and Scott and Joaquin Miller. Kipling too, and I've read the poetry of John Jay, the Secretary of State. You know he wrote 'Pile County Ballads,' 'Little Breaches,' and 'Little Bluffs.' One of my favorites, though, is Tennyson's 'Thanatopsis.'"

One man asked another for a light from his cigar in lower Broadway the other evening. When he returned the cigar the second man said:

"I see you have been in Mexico."

"I just returned from there; but how did you know?" said the first man.

"You have unconsciously picked up the 'cigar drill.' When I handed you my cigar you made a gesture of acknowledgment, got your light, twisted the clear brown paper thumb and forefinger with your second finger, returned it to me but foremost, and made another slight gesture of acknowledgment when I received it."

Opposite the second-story landing of the Third Judicial Court, the ground floor of which is the Jefferson Market police court, is an inscription apparently intended to describe the justice dealt out within. The stairs of the old building are broad, some spiral stairs winding up under the stained glass windows of the tower. The inscription, in Gothic letters, reads:

The precepts of the law are these: to live correctly, to an injury to none, and to render to every one his own.

Boy Missing: Parents Fear Fool Play.

Joseph McGrath, 18 years old, of 418 West Forty-fifth street, who earned \$12 a week as a silver plater at 21 John street, hasn't been seen by his employer or any of his family since Saturday afternoon when he drew his pay. His father, Patrick McGrath, asked the police yesterday to help him find him. The father said that he was afraid that his son had been lured over to Brooklyn by a former shopmate and met with foul play.

PUBLICATIONS.

Books which will be played on the American stage this winter or are now being played.

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"The True Life Story of a Nurse Girl." By Agnes M. Politics in the Philippine Islands. By Thomas Fortune.
"A Newspaper Post—His Trade." By W. D. Nesbit.
South American Observations. By Charles M. Pepper.
"Making of an Anarchist." By Voltaire De Cleve.
"Kansas Invaders." By Richard Washburn Child.
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